

EXTRACT.

The right seems to be his. Shadows rise, and dark snows my pathway fall.

There is no light of dawn on Orient hills, and no sunrise on the hills of dawn.

And the stars of Faith and Hope so dim have grown, and the light of the dawn is dim.

The moon was fair, seen with glad childhood's eyes, a world of sunshine, love, and flowers.

Yet even now the hills of Paradise, an onward lead the swift-winged hours.

At noon I revelled in the sunshine still, and felt no presence of the twilight still.

I am so tired, my Father! The rough path, strewn with wrecks of joy long gone.

My heart can lift my dim and weary gaze, to watch the coming of the dawn.

Oh! let me lean and rest against Thy Heart, Thy glorious day shall break and night depart.

—Catharine Davis.

QUEER STORY.

Everybody in the village of Bowermade marvelled greatly when young Lord Spartington, instead of visiting the castle, put up at the Three Feathers—the chief, though humble, hostelry of the place. The Marquis was the favourite country house of the Marquis of Cowlin, and the show place of the county. The Marquis was a great hunting man, and as the Bowermade house was his habit to draw together a large party of hunting friends to conclude the season with the H. Amey, up to now, Lord Spartington had never been the first on these occasions, to arrive at the castle. But now he must needs put up at the Three Feathers, and thus set the castle and the neighbouring town of Bowermade talking. "Perhaps," the landlord of the Three F's argued, "being young and very affable in his ways, he professes the freedom of my hotel, but the restraints of the great house," but this explanation was not deemed satisfactory, and the knowing ones opined that there was something wrong between the Marquis and young Lord Spartington.

When, however, the pair met at the governor's side and entered into friendly conversation, the Bowermade host breathed more freely. Just before the household moved off, however, the solution of the mystery arrived, seated on the box-seat of the castle drag. He was a stout, jovial-looking man, who was at once recognised by the more enlightened of the community as Mr. Maurice Armlake, who had recently undergone a six months' term of imprisonment for libelling Lord Spartington in the paper of which he was the proprietor. This libel case had caused considerable excitement at the time the proceedings were instituted, but for three years it had dragged on its weary course, progressing from court to court, until public interest had flagged and gradually died out, only to be awakened by the news that Mr. Armlake had played his last card, and was now incarcerated for six months. This very stringent sentence had been very grateful to Lord Spartington's family, for it had conclusively shown that the private doings of the aristocracy of England are not lightly to be based on an inquisitive public. The young Earl, who was the alleged injured party, it was pretty generally known, would have preferred to leave Mr. Armlake unmolested, and let the matter slide, but he was not allowed to have his own way in the matter. An uncle of his had taken up the cudgels for him, and had wielded them to some purpose.

A few days previously the Marquis had been placed on the horns of a dilemma. Mr. Maurice Armlake having just arrived, when there came a telegram from Lord Spartington asking whether it was convenient to receive him at the castle. Nothing could be more awkward. Spartington, of course, would not care to meet Armlake, and Armlake could hardly be expected to take kindly to the man who had consigned him to a prison through outlandish libels. Finally, Lord Cowlin telegraphed to the Earl saying how sorry he was for him to miss a fortnight's hunting, after many packs had foisted their season; but that it was impossible for him to host the hospitality of the castle, as Mr. Maurice Armlake was at present his guest. Lord Spartington accepted this polite refusal with the best possible grace. But he had no intention of missing the hunting within easy reach of his own country, so he telegraphed back, "Quite understand you. Shall make myself comfortable at the Feathers."

"I was more sorry than I can say that Armlake should be here just when you were about to come," said Lord Cowlin to his friend. "Armlake was awfully sorry he wanted to go to the castle this morning when he found that he had kept you away. He's such a considerable fellow, you know."

Lord Spartington, who had passed an almost sleepless night in the village had kept awake by the village supper he had swallowed previous to retiring to rest, heartily wished the considerable fellow had been allowed to return to the metropolis; but he only replied—

"I've no doubt he's the best sort of out. In fact, I shouldn't have minded meeting him a bit. But I suppose he's still got a grudge against me about that confounded libel."

"Not a bit; he said this morning he would have been delighted to have met you. If you really mean that you don't object to Armlake, let me send him to your second horseman back to the village to order your traps to be moved up to the castle at once."

"Well, as you're both so kind, I should like it of all things," said the Earl, cheerily.

The two men bowed, and muttered something, "charmed to meet," &c., as the Marquis introduced Mr. Maurice Armlake to the Earl of Spartington just before dinner was announced. Lord Spartington felt really sorry that he had been instrumental in exacting such a heavy tribute to the wounded pride of his family from the genial, good-natured-looking elderly man before him.

"So it was through that body of mine I was torn for six long months from all that makes life worth living," thought Mr. Armlake. The party at dinner was tolerably large, and the conversation was not general, and the Marquis had contrived to separate Lord Spartington and Mr. Armlake by the length of the table. When, however, the ladies had withdrawn, and the men had drawn up, Lord Spartington, with some hesitancy, observed, "I want to tell you at once, Mr. Armlake, how sorry I am that there should have been such a gusty fuss about that infernal paragraph. I think you know that if I had had my way, I wouldn't have given you any trouble about the business."

"My dear Lord Spartington," answered Mr. Armlake, "I perfectly understand from the first that you were not the person who hunted me down with such malignity—forgive me. As I told our host, I and more than charmed to make your acquaintance."

"Yet there was a lurking bitterness beneath Mr. Armlake's generous words."

"You see," went on the Editor, "a journalist cannot please every one."

"You're right," said a dear friend of mine, "it's a weakness made of it. It's amusing, and it doesn't much matter to you whether it's true or false; to-morrow your next comes, well suppose, and then you very naturally say this infernal rag must be suppressed. Of course, we don't expect you to remember the pleasure you have derived from seeing your friends' names before your very eyes. It wouldn't be a very agreeable sight, and we don't look for it."

Lord Spartington, whose genial heart was

thawed, both by Mr. Armlake's eloquence and by a considerable quantity of good wine, felt now more sorry than ever that this Editor, who looked at things in a broad light, should ever have come to harm through him.

"In my case," quoth the Editor, "I cannot but think I was hardly used. Remembering that the offending paragraph was contributed by your own cousin, it always struck me that your family were unduly severe in visiting the sins of their relation on my head."

"But, my dear fellow," broke in Lord Spartington, "that was the very reason why I wrote it up. Just like my cat of a cousin to suggest that I was too fond of my poor dear cousin's aunt for the safety of my uncle's honour. If you know Lady Jane Gresham as well as I unfortunately do, you would understand her delight in setting all her relations by the ears. My uncle was furious, as you know. It would never have done for him to have gone to Lady Jane; so, you see, he was obliged to turn on my head."

"His family honour forbade him remaining quiet, I suppose, and equally forbade the ending of the family to prison. I must console myself with the thought that I was the scapegoat of so distinguished a family as yours."

The bitterness with which Mr. Armlake uttered this sentiment was not noticed by Lord Spartington, whom the day's exertion and the generous and full-blooded Burgundy had rendered painfully sleepy. He was yawning and announcing his intention of retiring for the night, when Mr. Mayhew, a barrister—who was a favourite guest at the castle, as he was able to imitate actors and music-hall celebrities to the amusement of the guests—was called to the castle. Lord Spartington replied that he had no had the privilege.

"Well, yes, they are fine fellows," murmured the Marquis. "You must see them to-morrow, Armlake. Quite worth looking round."

The butler, a foppish old gentleman, who was hovering about the sideboard, heaved a sigh of relief. He had fully expected his master to ask for the keys, and propose a night inspection there and then. "What an underbred fellow that young lawyer is," he thought to himself; "he's always asking for a night inspection to show 'em something or other."

But Lord Spartington soon dashed the butler's hopes of a quiet evening by saying, "By-the-way, we shall be all hunting to-morrow. Why not do the castle to-night? That is, if you don't mind doing the honours, Cowlin."

This proposal being accepted by Mr. Mayhew, the Marquis, who loved doing the showman in his own house, called for the keys. The gentlemen lighted their cigarettes and prepared to descend to the lower regions.

"The history of these cellar-doors is rather interesting," said the Marquis, as they passed before a singularly heavy and massive door pertaining to the port cellar. When the old person at Bowermade was pulled down some years ago, my land-agent suggested what a good idea it would be to replace the existing masonry with one of the cellars from the jail. So I bought the lot. Rather a weighty key, you see, and not an easy job to open the doors; but they shut easy enough—just as I want, and they're fast. You can lock them to make assurance doubly sure; but they are all spring locks. Do you notice they are three or four inches thick?"

Just as the butler, bearing a moderator lamp, moved on, making a small circle of light surrounded by darkness as he stopped at the next door, Lord Cowlin thought how inconsiderate he had been in dwelling so long on a subject which must be distasteful to his editorial friend and associated with the existing masonry concerns him by some of the cellars from the jail. So he bought the lot. Rather a weighty key, you see, and not an easy job to open the doors; but they shut easy enough—just as I want, and they're fast. You can lock them to make assurance doubly sure; but they are all spring locks. Do you notice they are three or four inches thick?"

"Come on, Armlake," called the Marquis, "there are half-a-dozen more cellars to see yet."

A heavy door banged to, and Mr. Armlake answered, "I am coming," and the inspection was continued.

As the party ascended to the hall again, Lord Cowlin restored the keys to their proper guardian.

"The doors were all closed as we followed you along," he said to the butler. They looking round as his guests made a move toward the drawing-room, he called after them, "Where's Spartington?"

"Oh, he looked horribly sleepy before we left the dining-room; I suppose he has made off to bed," answered Mr. Mayhew.

"Mr. Armlake had reached the drawing-room, where he was taking himself plenty to the Marquis and the ladies there assembled. Lord Cowlin had joined the other gentlemen in the billiard-room to enjoy a little harmless pool before saying good-night."

Next morning Lord Spartington did not appear at breakfast. Mr. Armlake was in the highest spirits, firing off jokes upon jokes; but when a tall fellow, who had been sent to remind him of his breakfast, he refused to hunt there was no time to lose, returned with the information that Lord Spartington was nowhere to be found, and that his bed had been slept in, it began to be felt that there was something wrong. "Can he possibly have lost his way in the cellars last night?" mildly suggested Mr. Mayhew.

"Oh, he had his hall-key on him if that had been the case," said one of the guests.

If he had been shut in one of those cellars, he might have called till he was hoarse, but we should never have heard him. Those doors would keep in any noise," added Lord Cowlin; and, the whole party, headed by the Marquis, went again underground, having despatched the butler for his keys.

In the open portion of the cellars, and one or two doors had been opened with no success, when Mr. Armlake murmured to the butler, "Try the Burgundy cellar; I fancy I just heard a noise there."

The door of the Burgundy vault cracked and opened, disclosing to the astonished friends the form of the Earl of Spartington. Very pale from the effects of his wretched night, with a ghastly attempt at a smile on his lips, he looked an object for universal pity. His dress clothes, smeared with the damp mould of the cellar walls against which he had propped himself in his endeavours to snatch an instant's sleep, looked curiously uncomfortable in the morning light.

Mr. Armlake smiled a welcome to the Earl. He said nothing, but there was a twinkle in his eye which might have led the observant to the conclusion that he could have said a good deal. Truly.

THE REINDER. The most important factor in the life of the Lapp is the reindeer. They are his fields and meadows, cows and horses, and from them he obtains every article which the Lappman purchases at his stores. The reindeer furnishes the Lapp with food, clothes, and labour; it supplies him with milk, cheese, meat, and money. The skin is used for robes and furs; the skin of the head and feet for shoe-leather; and from the reindeer the products of the reindeer he obtains every article of his wardrobe, such as valises for clothes and tent, deer, skin, spirits, tools, and trinkets; while from the reindeer's blood is made the women, and from the reindeer's bones tools and glue.

INTIMATIONS.

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DAILY PRESS OFFICE, Wyndham Street, Kowloon, 23rd April, 1885.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

THE KOWLOON FERRY.

STEAM-LANDRO "MORNING STAR".

Ran Daily as a Ferry Boat between PEARL'S WHARF and TUNG TAI TAI at the following hours:—This Time Table will take effect from the 15th April, 1885.

WORKING HOURS.

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